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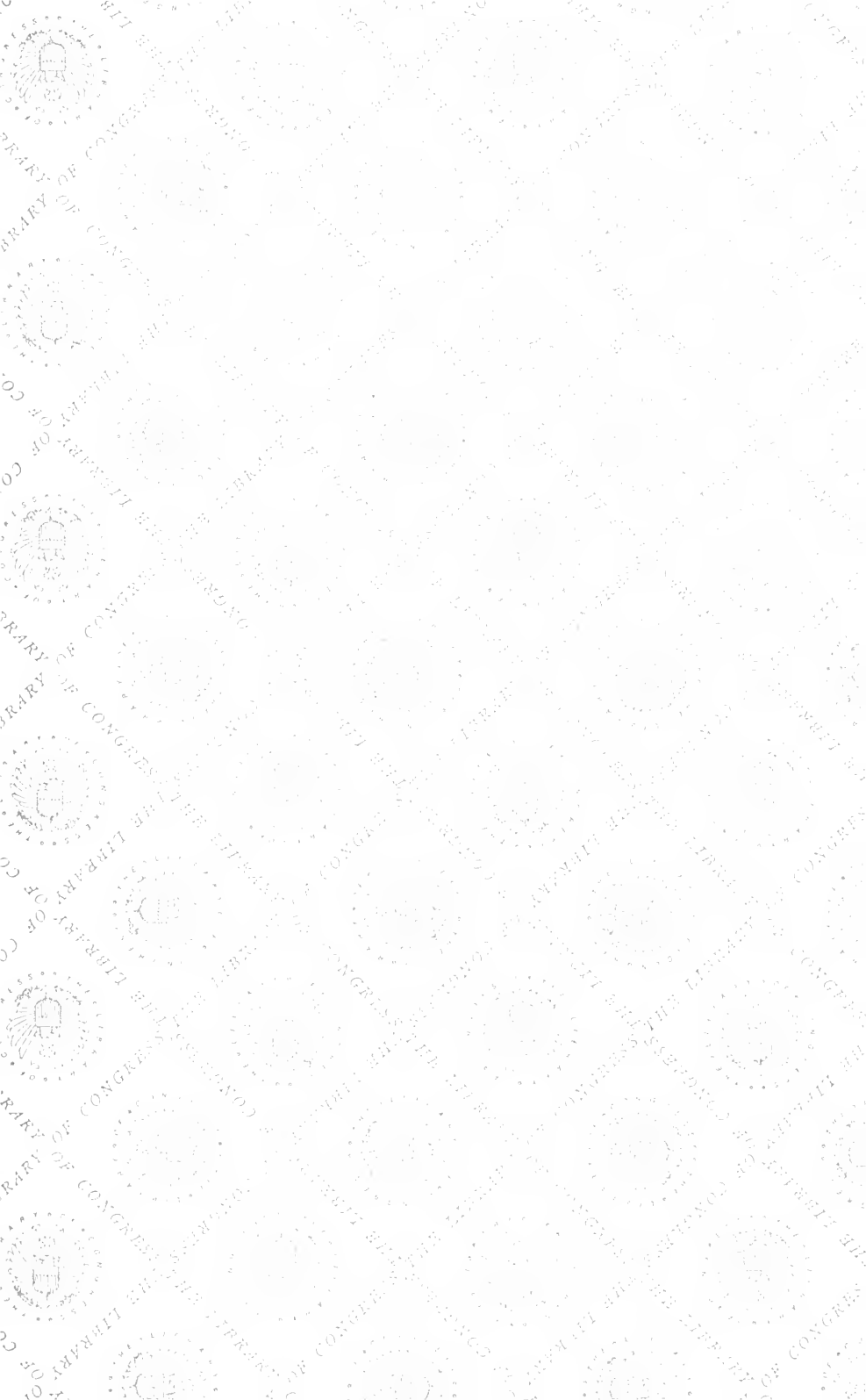
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ENOCH STAHLER

MILLER
AND
SOLDIER

First Lieutenant Third New York Cavalry
Member of the Loyal Legion

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LIEUTENANT ENOCH STAILLER.

ENOCK STAHLER

MILLER AND SOLDIER

*Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth,
But soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O pardon me;
For when no friends are by men praise themselves.*

—*Titus Andronicus, Act V. Sc. III.*

This is not a ghost story nor a piece of fiction of any kind; for I pride myself on trying at least to be a real man, and on having served two quite real and useful functions in life—for about fifty years that of a practical miller, having worked in some fifty different flouring mills, and for four years a soldier in the Federal Cavalry, where I had some quite trying experiences.

The very unusual character of one of these was the occasion which in the first instance led to the writing of this little work. I was a First Lieutenant in command of Company C, Third New York Cavalry, which formed a part of the First Brigade of General Kautz' Cavalry Division of the Army of the Potomac, during the campaign of 1864.

On October 6th of that year I was in command of the vidette posts in front of the picket-line of our Brigade to the right of the Darbytown road not many miles from Richmond, which city we expected to reach. I got there on the evening of the next day, but not in the way I anticipated.

Our vidette posts were located on the night of the 6th in an open field beyond a rail fence, a few rods from a piece of woods. Across this field and stretching round our right was another piece of woods.

It had been learned late that afternoon through two deserters from the enemy that extensive preparations were being made by the Confederates to attack our cavalry and capture or destroy it before the infantry should come up. In consequence of this report I kept very wide awake all night.

THE DAY.

It was fine October weather and the morning of the 7th dawned as fair as a laughing girl. Long before day glints of brightness in the openings prophesied victory for the oncoming light; and though the sullen blackness of the denser clouds seemed ominous, as the serried columns of the dawn advanced, every vestige of the gray in the heavens seemed to fade away in blue. And there was one circumstance about it which was fortunate for some of us, though not specially so for myself. The wood exactly to our rear and nearly eastward was so thick that the glimmer of dawn did not show through, but it did illumine somewhat the thinner thickets to our right and front. About 5 a. m., some of our pickets were certain they descried men moving in those thickets.

Instantly every individual man of Company C was on the alert; and none too soon, for as it was learned afterwards, the enemy counted on us as already "gobbled up."

"Ping, ping," came their bullets, and "Crack, crack," went our reply. The horses, all except my own, were ordered to the rear, and the men to deploy in the woods and retreat to the main line firing as they went.

I was at this time the owner of two horses, one a light sorrel, which I had ridden that morning, and the other a darker sorrel, which a colored boy, Banquo, who had taken a fancy to my personal company, was permitted to ride.

I had barely mounted and was watching the increasing

signs of life in the distance, laughing to myself that the enemy should expect to do any execution at such long range, when my horse was pierced by a ball.

It was not a new experience, I had had a horse shot from under me on the Trent road near Newbern, N. C., and knew that a dying or badly wounded horse, especially in the face of the enemy was something to be abandoned as promptly as possible; and much as I hated to leave this sorrel to his uncertain fate, it seemed necessary to do so.

A RETREAT.

Thus dismounted we backed slowly out of the woods, and at first took position in a redoubt near the edge of the woods, one of the works left by McClellan in his campaign. Here we found men from Captain Dern's and Captain Richardson's companies of my regiment, who formed the reserve picket, and I think some of the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Colonel Robert M. West of that regiment, who commanded our Brigade at this time, says in his report:

"The picket reserves harassed the advance of the enemy, fighting on foot in the woods, and, as I believe, deceived them as to the kind of troops they would encounter. The enemy consumed about one hour driving in our outposts, and determining where to strike us. Our picket reserve on the Central (Darbytown) road divided and came in by the left and right: Capt. Dern, Third New York Cavalry, commanded on the right: Captain Richardson, same regiment, on the left." (See Report of Lieutenant Col. Ferris Jacobs, Comdg. 3d N. Y. Cav., appended, Exhibit A.)

We were all soon forced to retire because of the enemy's flank fire on our right. Halting at a ditch perhaps a quarter of a mile to the left and rear of this redoubt, we made another attempt to check the enemy's advance. I had only my revolver to fire with and had hardly begun the operation when something struck me in the left elbow and the arm fell limp at my side. This coming as the culmination to a night of sleeplessness and a very active morning, had a very depressing

effect upon me. A cavalryman to my right, one of our own men, had also been wounded, and just then exclaimed:

"Lieutenant, I'm hit, help me!"

"I've got one too, my boy," I replied, "but I'll do what I can for you."

Getting out of the ditch, I sent a man to assist the wounded soldier, and finding another depression a few rods rearward, seated myself on a bank of earth, feeling that I was entitled to take a rest. Strangely enough my arm was not bleeding a drop, yet the crunching sound of the bones as I moved it was dismal enough; while in the intervals of the pain which occasionally developed there, I should have certainly dropped off into a profound slumber, I was so utterly knocked out, had not an officer who was hurrying by said to me:

"Are you wounded, sir?"

"Yes," I ejaculated with an effort.

"Well, get to the rear as quick as you can, we are all liable to be captured."

WADE HAMPTON'S LEGION.

There was indeed no time to consider wounds or rest, for the bugles were sounding in our front and Hampton's Cavalry Legion was coming down upon us supported by infantry and artillery. Rising with all the languor of a society exquisite, if I could have obtained any kind of a stimulant I should certainly have taken it; but I could not secure even a drink of water.

Shambling along half dead with sleeplessness and loss of energy, I noticed General Kautz and his staff within a few yards of my course, and shortly afterwards an orderly mounted on a small dark horse overtook me who immediately dismounted and insisted on my getting on his animal. I was loath to mount a strange horse, especially in the condition of my arm, but finally did so and rode some distance, the soldier keeping pace on foot. Then I got off, for the horse was restless and I thought it more agreeable to walk.

Experienced horsemen know well the difference between riding a horse to which one is accustomed and a strange animal. Whether it was a case of "Christian Science," where one has but to think of a thing and it is then realized, I was wondering where that little darkey of mine could be with my other horse, when whom should I see galloping toward me with the stateliness of a prince but Banquo on my dark sorrel.

"Is yo hurted, Massa?" he said pulling up.

"Yes, Banquo, pretty well done up," I replied.

With great difficulty I managed to mount the dark sorrel from the left side, Banquo holding him steady, and I rode on rejoicing, having such confidence in my horse and my own power to guide him, believing that I would soon be out of harm's way. But the sacred injunction, "Take heed lest ye fall," was never more applicable; for now came the cap-sheaf of my misfortunes. I was moving over a corduroy road at a rather moderate gait, holding the horse back somewhat, as his galloping sent thrills of pain through my dangling arm, when a horse-holder—a soldier riding one horse and leading three others—came dashing up at full gallop from my right and rear. His sabre-hilt caught in the cross-bar of my horse's bridle, the animal reared straight up in the air, and I went in reverse, striking the corduroy with the back of my head and shoulders.

Stunned for the instant, when I came to myself, hardly able to sit up, it seemed very doubtful whether life was worth living. There were many others moving in my direction, so it was impossible to lie there very long undisturbed, whether one desired to do so or not. A cavalry soldier belonging to my own regiment, mounted on a magnificent black horse, stopped by my side, dismounted and said:

"Here, Captain, can I help you any?"

"If you will only give me a drink of water," I answered, "I will be all right."

His canteen was empty. He fastened his horse to a nearby bush and with canteen in hand ran over to a little stream,

filled it and had barely returned, when we were surrounded by some fifteen Confederate soldiers.

"Surrender!"

"O, yes,"—though it did seem a shame that the soldier should be captured on my account.

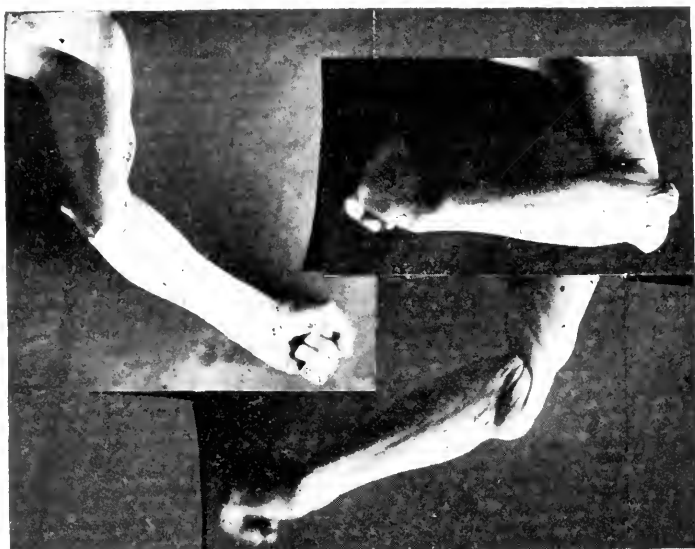
"Where is your revolver?"

To be sure—where was it? The weapon had disappeared when my arm was struck and I had not thought of it since. I was glad now to realize it was gone.

A SURGICAL OPERATION.

On the righthand side of the Darbytown road about four miles from Richmond, under a fly-tent made of a wagon cover, and on a table improvised from four stakes and the door of a stable, a Confederate surgeon removed the broken joint and trimmed up the bones of my arm. Before taking the chloroform I had begged him to save the arm if he could. He said nothing, but his looks and the condition of the limb were both against my wishes; and I was surprised when coming to myself to find the arm still there, though I was unable to move my fingers, and not for years to come would that apathetic fore-arm obey the orders of the controlling brain or the efforts of its nerves and muscles in the slightest degree. The bullet which lodged in the elbow is still in my possession.

Twenty-four years afterwards I became satisfied, after correspondence, that Dr. John J. Bozeman, then a resident of the town of Ninety-Six, South Carolina, assisted by a Dr. Green—both surgeons of the Hampton Legion—performed that operation; (See correspondence appended, Exhibits B and C) and I have felt grateful to them ever since, because, though but a shadow of useful aid, as human limbs are commonly rated, by dint of care and exercise that left upper limb has come to possess something of the flexibility and utility of the body of a python, the trunk of an elephant, or the tenacle of an octopus, surprising my friends oftentimes by the singularity of its movements.



FLEXIBILITY OF ARM.

According to the report of Lieut-Colonel Ferris Jacobs in command, our Third New York Cavalry lost that day 52 men in killed, wounded and missing, while there some eight pieces of artillery which we were supporting and 100 horses captured; but this was not remarkable in view of the fact that besides the Hampton Legion, the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry, Traynam's Squadron, and the Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry, were all pitted against us.

That night found me in the Hospital of Libbey Prison, Richmond. Two other officers of my regiment had been captured: Lieutenant Leyden and Lieutenant Herman E. Smith, on the staff of the Brigade Commander, Col. West, of the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Lieut. Smith died that night in Richmond.

As an inmate of Libbey, I was in a condition of body and mind so entirely played out that while it would have been impossible to perform any kind of manual labor, or to make any physical exertion beyond the simplest sort, and impossible to think or reason consecutively, I could ruminate sluggishly, and spent much time musing in a very dull and prosaic way over the past.

I was then serving my second term, having enrolled at Rochester, N. Y., July 17, 1861, and re-enlisted at the end of two and one-half years service, in the field. I had participated in all the encounters with the enemy in which my immediate command was engaged, including the following:

ENGAGEMENTS OF THE 3D NEW YORK CAVALRY.

Ball's Bluff,		October 21, 1861.
Winchester, Virginia,		March 1, 1862.
Trent Road, North Carolina,		May 15, 1862.
Neuse Road,	" "	August 20, 1862.
Little Washington, North Carolina,		September 6, 1862.
Near Tarboro,	" "	November 3, 1862.
Rall's Mill,	" "	" 7, 1862.
Kingston,	" "	December 14, 1862.
Whitehall,	" "	" 16, 1862.
Goldsborough,	" "	" 17, 1862.
Jacksonville,	" "	January 15, 1863.
Trenton,	" "	" 20, 1863.
Trent Road,	" "	March 14, 1863.
Gum Swamp	" "	May 16, 1863.
Bachelor's Creek,	" "	" 21, 1863.
Warsaw,	" "	July 4, 1863.
Tarboro,	" "	" 20, 1863.
Street's Ferry, N. R.,	" "	" 25, 1863.
Bottom's Bridge, Virginia		February 7, 1864.
Stony Creek,	" "	May 7, 1864.
Nottoway Bridge,	" "	" 8, 1864.
Chula Station,	" "	" 12, 1864.
Blacks and Whites	" "	" 14, 1864.
South Quay,	" "	June 2, 1864.
Before Petersburg,	" "	" 15, 1864.
Staunton Bridge,	" "	" 25, 1864.
Roanoke Bridge,	" "	" 26, 1864.
Reams' Station,	" "	" 29, 1864.
Prince George C. H.,	" "	Sept 15, 1864.
Johnson's Farm	" "	Sept. 29, & Oct. 7, 1864

SOLDIERING FINISHED.

I now realized that my work as a soldier was over, if not work of every sort. Besides my useless left arm, I had a sabre cut in the right hand, received in line of duty at Newbern, N. C., a bullet wound through the right side of my neck, received at Nottoway Bridge, Va., when calling in the skirmish line, a hernia of the right side, and a very sore upper spine and shoulders, particularly the right one—the cause, as I now believe of an aneurism which developed later in my right arm as well as rheumatism of the back.



X-RAY OF ELBOW.

I was well taken care of in Libbey Prison Hospital, possibly better than the average Union prisoner. This may have been due to the fact that the authorities thought I would not last very long, or possibly to the fact that I had lived in the South before the war and had some friends in Charleston, South Carolina.

In October, 1860, nearly six months before the civil war began, at the age of twenty-four, I went to Charleston, S. C., and engaged as Second Miller with the firm of Clawson Brothers of the Clawson Mill, proprietors also of the largest steam bakery in that city; but later was engaged as First Miller and took charge of the mill. I remained there till May, 1861, when it became a little warm in that latitude for a man of Northern proclivities. However, the fact that I had acquaintances South was no hindrance to my getting an early parole—despite the fact that for a few days I was entirely indifferent about it and in doubt whether I should ever be of any use to the world or myself again.

As already referred to, I was bred to the miller's trade. Born in the city of Lockport, N. Y., May 25, 1836, at the age of 15 I went to work in the Murray Mill (named after John T. Murray), at Mt. Morris, N. Y., and was employed in that and various other flour factories, including the Spaulding Mill, Lockport, and for a few months at Guelph, Canada, until I went to Charleston. Would I ever perform such work again?

November 17, I was paroled at Varina, Virginia, and transferred to the Hospital at Annapolis, Maryland, where I was confined to my cot for about four months. Being then able to return home to Lockport, my convalescence was more rapid. February 13, 1865, I received an honorable discharge from the U. S. military service on account of physical disability.

RETURN TO MILLING.

It is almost death to a man of active habits to remain idle. It appeared that way to me, and with my knowledge of the

millers' trade, I felt impelled to take some position where I could direct, if I could not directly perform, such labor. In the fall of 1886, with my arm in a sling, I took a position in the Douglass Mill at Lockport, the identical place left when I entered the military service in 1861, and seven months later, I took charge of the Model Mill, in that city, where I remained seven years, and where I ground \$3.50 wheat.

During this period I was married to Miss Eleanor Wiley, and rejoice in the possession of two children, a boy and a girl, Fred Wiley Stahler, and Mrs. Alice May Pettit, now both happily married and with families of their own.

Ever an advocate of clean and careful milling, regarding my vocation as a practical science of the highest value to man, I had a desire to go to Minneapolis, then, as now, the greatest flour milling mart in the world. In 1873 I went to Minnesota, and after brief sojourns in the towns of Minnesota City and Beaver, reached Minneapolis in the winter of 1874. I subsequently worked in the Cataract, Holly, Dakota, Old Empire, Galaxy, Pillsbury "B" and North-Western Mills, and was with Washburn "A" at the time of the historic explosion in that structure on the evening of May 2, 1878.

THE HISTORIC EXPLOSION.

There were fourteen men killed. It occurred about 7 o'clock in the evening, before the night shift had gone on duty, luckily for myself.

I was Second Miller on the night force, there being but two reliefs at that time, one going on duty at 12 M., and the other at 12 midnight. The exact cause of that explosion was the occasion of a bitter and long-continued controversy with suits in the courts, but it was agreed that in some way the ignition of dust produced the force which blew off the roof and burst the walls of the mills. The following mills were destroyed:

Washburn "A," with 48 run of stone.

Humboldt, with 8 run of stone.

Diamond, with 6 run of stone.



HAROLD AND "BOBBIE" STAHLER
Grandsons of Lieutenant Stahler.

Pettit, Robinson & Co's., with 15 run of stone.

Zenith, with 6 run of stone.

Galaxy, with 12 run of stone.

Another explosion occurred at a mill where I worked at one time, though not at the time of the accident. It was one of the Pillsbury mills, now used as an elevator, which exploded December 4, 1881, resulting in the death of two firemen.



LIEUTENANT STAHLER (AT 55 YEARS)

After the destruction of Washburn "A," I worked for some time in Washburn "C," then at New Ulm, and was employed in special work for some months in the mill of Kimball & Beady at Forest City, Minnesota. Returning to Minneapolis I worked for various periods in the Holly, Palasade, St. Anthony and Dakota mills. The last named of these, the Dakota, I was Superintendent of altogether for some ten years; and the character of the work may be estimated from

a laboratory certificate made out by a wholly disinterested expert and without the knowledge of the manufacturers. (See Appendix, exhibit D) During my last year of service with the Dakota, the St. Anthony Mill was added to the combination.

In 1888 I entered the employ of Clark and Curtis, as Superintendent of their mill at Spokane, Washington, where I remained five years, returning in time to take in the Exposition at Chicago, in 1893. I subsequently worked about a year in the Mill of Harvey and Henry at Buffalo, New York, and was employed for some months for a firm in New York City engaged in putting a patent bolter upon the market. Seized with a severe attack of erysipelas which prostrated me for some eight months, it was a number of years before I recovered my strength.

For a considerable period, now a night watchman in the Government Printing Office at Washington, D. C., I have many a lonely hour to reflect upon the years that have gone, and to meditate upon the future. Without any special regrets for a past too active in what seemed to be my duty to admit of much error, yet sometimes regrets will come for deeds undone and hopes unattained,—sometimes, in the language of Kipling:

"The night falls heavy as remembered sin
That will not suffer peace or thought of ease."

But what is the use of murmuring or lamenting? The earth is fair and life is sweet, and he who has not labored can never know real enjoyment.

APPENDIX.

EXHIBIT A.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD NEW YORK CAVALRY.

In the field, October 10, 1864.

Captain:—I have the honor to report that about daylight on the 7th instant the enemy attacked my picket line at Johnson's house. Captains Richardson and Dern, in command of the picket-line, immediately in front of that portion of the works occupied by the First Brigade, held the enemy in check for more than an hour, but after stubborn resistance were compelled to retire, Captain Richardson's portion of the line withdrawing in the direction of the right of the Tenth Army Corps, and Captain Dern falling back and occupying, with his reserve of about thirty men, the work upon the extension of the right of the work held by the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Here Captain Dern continued for a short time to resist the enemy (then advancing in line of battle about 2,500 or 3,000 strong), but was shortly compelled to retire within the main line of works, which he did across an open field under a heavy fire and with slight loss. Reforming his line the enemy advanced in three lines of battle, moving directly through the ravine upon a redoubt held by a section of the Fourth Wisconsin Battery, supported by two reserve squadrons of the Third New York Cavalry in line, mounted. I was then ordered by the general to dismount these squadrons and post them in a ditch lying along the road and upon the left of the redoubt mentioned. After the enemy had reached the ravine, the section, in charge of a sergeant, limbered up and retired. When the first line of the enemy emerged from the ravine my line opened fire, when about two hundred of the enemy ran forward, throwing down their guns, with loud cries of "Deserters!" The enemy being then within

a few yards of my line, I withdrew it to the redoubt upon the road and again commenced firing, the rebels who had thrown down their arms having resumed them upon being fired upon by the line behind them. While in the redoubt I soon perceived that another column, which had driven the Second Brigade back into the sorghum field on my right and rear, were directing their line of fire into the redoubt, upon which I withdrew past division headquarters to the woods beyond, where I attempted to make a stand and failed. After a variety of vicissitudes I assembled my regiment in front of the line of works occupied by Terry's division, and reported to the colonel commanding the brigade at the signal tower on the right of the line.

My casualties (so far as known) in this engagement are as follows, viz: Lieutenant Gregory, Company H, wounded slightly; Lieutenant Stahler, Company C, wounded and missing; Lieutenant Leyden, missing; men killed, 3; wounded and missing, 2; missing, 30; horses missing, 40.

And I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. JACOBS, JR.,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Third New York Cavalry.

CAPTAIN ALMAN,

Actg. Asst. Adj. Gen., First Brigade, Kautz's Cav. Div.

*Corrected List.

Killed		Wounded		Captured or missing		Aggregate
Of.	Men	Of.	Men	Of.	Men	
1	3	2	13	2	31	52

EXHIBIT B.

Toney Creek, So. Ca., Mch. 26th, 1888.

MR. ENOCH STAHLER.

DEAR SIR:

I see in the Atlanta Ga. Constitution of the 28th Mch. No. that you say you were wounded the 7th of October, 1864, at one of the Battles about Four miles below Richmond, Va., on the Darbytown Road and fell in the hands of the Confederates and was treated with medical attention and had an operation performed by you think the Surgeon of the Hampton Legion and as I was a member of the Legion and a participant in several of the engagements below Richmond and as memory is always fresh of the past struggle that we were engaged in, I deem it my duty and will with more than pleasure give you all the information I can in regard to your inquiry. I think that Dr. John J. Bozeman was our Brigade Surgeon at the time you write of and was assisted by Dr. Green, whom I think emigrated west since the War and died. We had 2 other assistants from some of the Counties in the lower part of South Carolina, Drs. McCloud and McClain, but whether alive or not I am unable to tell you at this writing, and I am not certain but what Dr. Bozeman is dead, but if he is living his address is Ninety-Six Abbl. Co., So. Ca. I am most confident that he is the man that you want to find and I hope that he may still survive and that you may still meet him with love and friendship, as the old wounds are all healed up and we are always glad to shake hands and talk with those who wore the Blue as we are with those who wore the Gray and to talk of and about the incidents of the past. At the time you were wounded our Brigade, which was Gen. M. W. Gary's, now dead, was detailed as local defence for the city of Richmond and therefore all of our duty and fighting was below and around the city up to the time of its evacuation. Our Brigade was composed of the Hampton Legion, the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, Traynam's Squadron and the 24th Virginia

Cav. I give you the latter names as they may be of some help to you in seeking out your inquiry. Assuring you that I am ever ready and willing to give you all the information I can and help at any time, I am

Respectfully and Yours Truly,

E. H. ACKER.

P. S. Any information I can give you will be given with pleasure and promptly. E. H. A.

EXHIBIT C.

Ninety-Six, Abbeville Co., So. Ca. Mch. 28th, 1888.

CAPT. STAHLER:

DEAR SIR:—I have just seen your communication from Atlanta Constitution copied by Charleston News and Courier (S. C.).

At the time you were wounded I was Surgeon of the Hampton Legion and on duty with that command. The engagement was on the Darbytown road. I performed several operations on that occasion, but do not remember your particular case. You do not say that the operation was performed by Surgeons of the "Hampton Legion."

If you were certain that the operation was performed by Surgeons of this command I must have done it—otherwise I did not. Let the matter be as it may, I cannot but appreciate your very generous and appreciative communication. The duties of surgeons and physicians are responsible and when their labors are appreciated their hearts are made glad.

The time your arm was operated upon, we were open enemies, both we thought battling for a just cause. You were victorious and we unfortunate. You were generous. The din of battle has ceased and peace and harmony exist. Both sections have recuperated and all are happy and prosperous.

It was my lot to treat and operate on many Union soldiers and it was my pleasure and delight to render them a kindness when in my power. You say should this (your letter) meet

the eye of the surgeon "you would gladly send a photo of the arm and follow soon after with a visit myself." Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to receive both, whether or not I did the operation. My home, though an humble one, is more than welcome to you. We can dwell under the same vine and fig tree together.

If agreeable, let me hear from you at your convenience. And now wishing you much happiness and prosperity, I remain

Very sincerely your friend,

Capt. Enoch Stabler,
2116 Third Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minn.

J. J. BOZEMAN, M. D.
Ninety-Six, So. Ca.

EXHIBIT D.

Certificate, issued July 31st, 1888, by Chemical Expert Willard H. Morse, M. D., of Westfield, N. J.:

CERTIFICATE.

Having determined that the brand of flour of which the sample "C" was a specimen of the best, chemically and practically, of any made in Minneapolis, I next sought to compare it with the "P. W. M., 000" Hungarian Flour. I will not detail the steps taken, nor the results of composition, but to the credit of American industry and skill, it is to be noted as my determination that the Minneapolis flour is not only to be described as the equal of the Hungarian in all that makes for the most superior flour, but I am justified in stating that there is not as much chemical difference between the two as was determined between the "M" and "C" samples. This Minneapolis flour is not only as good as the Hungarian, but it is identical,—an Americanized Hungarian.

The sample "C" is the Sunlight patent flour of Brown's Dakota Flouring Mills, and is made from wheat that is equal

to the best Budapest, by the Hungarian or gradual reduction process. I am totally unacquainted with the manufacturers, and they have no cognizance of my researches, while I did not know their flour till the investigation was complete. Now knowing it, I do not hesitate to say that if there is no better flour in the world than that of Minneapolis, the Sunlight is the best in the world.

(Signed)

WILLARD H. MORSE, M. D.

Chemical Expert.

EXHIBIT E.

INAUGURAL PARADE, MARCH 4, 1909.

*Headquarters of the Marshal,
Veteran Grand Division,*

New York City, Feb. 24, 1909.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. V.

I. The Marshal of the Veteran Grand Division announces the following additional appointments of aides on his staff:

* * * * *

AIDE—

Lieutenant Enoch Stahler.

* * * * *

II. All communications should be addressed to General Arthur Hendricks, Room 372, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

By Command of

MAJOR GENERAL O. O. HOWARD,

Marshal.

ARTHUR HENDRICKS,

Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

(Signed) H. B. MOULTON,

Adjutant General.

THE CASE OF ENOCH STAHLER.

BY NORMAN L. REYNOLDS, M. D., CHICAGO, ILL.

The case of Lieutenant Enoch Stahler, wounded and operated upon by a Confederate surgeon, October 7, 1864, on the Darby-town Road near Richmond, is in certain respects one of the most remarkable on record.

In the annals of surgical practice comparatively few cases are recorded such as this. In the Medical and Surgical History of the war of the Rebellion 2,678 cases of shot fracture of the elbow are reported. 1,147 were amputated, 938 treated on the "expectant conservative plan" and 598 cases were treated by excision of the joint.

In the majority of cases treated by excision they became stiff or ankylosed and the muscles became shrunken or atrophied due to the disuse and to paralysis from interference with the nerve supply, but in the case of Capt. Enoch Stahler Providence was on his side and left the nerves and circulation in a normal condition.

The remarkable thing in this case is that Captain Enoch Stahler at an early date began to use this useless limb which caused him many hours of pain, but by persistent use he has full possession of the hand and wrist with many movements of what was the elbow joint, its place being taken by the ligaments formed and strengthened by years of persistent use. He can make a complete turn of the forearm, bend it to right or left, also backward and at the same time has it under control.

A glance at the illustrations (pp. 7 and 9) will show this flexor of fore is produced by the biceps and bicipital fascia or lacertus fibrosus. Extension is gone as the insertion of triceps is removed.

The missile which struck Lieutenant Stahler's arm, appears from inspection to have been an ounce ball fired from a

Sharp's carbine. As it struck with force enough to enter the arm and imbed itself in the joint, it must have shattered the lower extremity of the humerus and upper extremity of the ulna including its two processes, the olecranon and coronoid; though it seems to have left the head of the radius nearly intact. The strong ligaments including the anterior, the external lateral and the orbicular, all except the biceps tendon and the oblique ligament, were either destroyed outright or rendered useless through the destruction of their attachments.

Fortunately, as it appears, there was no bleeding directly caused by the ball. The brachial artery being at this point on the anterior side of the arm, opposite the point of the elbow entered by the ball, and the larger superficial as well as deep-seated veins and arteries, being forward of the wound, bleeding did not occur probably until the wound was treated.

The operation of the surgeon—believed to have been Dr. John J. Bozeman of the "Hampton Legion"—was a highly creditable one, though performed in an emergency and under circumstances not warranting the most careful attention or treatment.

From the cicatrix it would appear that incisions were made extending from the wound, and the head of the ulna sawed off, but that the lower part of the humerus with its oblique end, the result of the ball's action, was not changed.

In flexion or contraction of the flexor digitorum muscles the arm is shortened, which shows that the deep fascia in this case is very important. Supination and pronation take place largely from twisting at the elbow.

The ulnar nerve is also unmolested, which passes between the inner condyle and the olecranon process of ulna.

This case is remarkable for the fact that there is a false or pseudo joint, the movements being due to the deep fascia being strongly developed from persistent use.

A CARD.

In March, 1888, the following card was printed in the "Atlanta Constitution" and in the "Charleston News and Courier," and resulted in the receipt of the two letters printed on pages

17 to 19, and those which follow from surgeons who had served in the Confederacy:

A SKILLFUL CONFEDERATE SURGEON.

The undersigned was in the Union force engaged in action with Hampton's Legion, before Richmond, on the 7th of October, 1864, about four miles from Richmond on Johnston's farm on the Darby-town Road, and having been wounded in said engagement, I desire to know the name of the surgeon who performed an operation upon my left arm.

At the time I was in command of Company C 3rd Regiment N. Y. Cavalry, and was taken prisoner; the operation referred to was the removal of the elbow joint of the left arm, and was performed on the right hand side of the Darby-town Road on Johnson's farm about four miles from Richmond; the field hospital was in a tent; there were two surgeons present; the operation proved to be a most remarkable one; and I am anxious to learn the names of the surgeons who did it, if alive, in order that they may be made aware of the skillful work performed, and should this meet the eye of either, I should be pleased to send him a photograph of my arm to be followed later by myself.

ENOCH STAHLER,

2116 Third Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

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2116 Third Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

My attention being called to the above card taken from the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution, I will say that I am of the opinion that Dr. Jones and myself performed the operation referred to and should it turn out to be so I should be pleased to see you at my house, so that we could talk over those painful reminiscences. Hoping to receive the photograph, also for you to follow it soon,

Respectfully,

My address,

N. H. MURPHY, M. D.

Louisburg, Franklin County, N. Carolina.

Charleston, S. C., 21st March, 1888.

ENOCH STAHLER, ESQ.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIR: By this mail I forward you a copy of the Charleston News and Courier, on the fourth page you will find a marked place which contains your letter.

I am one of the surgeons of the Hampton Legion, and figured around Richmond in all the battles.

The Darby-town Road is familiar to me; I cannot recall any of the circumstances or the operation you speak of; my colleagues, Drs. Parker and Frost are also in doubt, and we are under the impression that Dr. J. J. Bozeman of Ninety-six S. C. is the gentleman you are looking for. I would suggest that you write to him as well as to the other gentlemen who assisted him; and you will soon find which is the person you are in search of.

It gives me great pleasure, though a stranger to you, to have read your letter and be able to respond to the same.

These little things are what makes us down south feel that we have been and are now one country, that the past is forgotten and forgiven, and that in the future there is an indissoluble Union. Perhaps '61 to '65 is a blessing after all. Though I am not positive that I am the M. D. you want, yet still all I can say is that if you come to this city and let me have a look at you I can tell you more about it.

A warm Carolina welcome will greet you.

Very truly yours,

I. SOMERS BUIST, M. D.

Deans, Anderson, S. C., Mch. 22, 1888.

MR. ENOCH STAHLER.

DEAR SIR: I see in last week's Constitution, you asked for the address of the surgeon of Hampton Legion. Dr. John Bozeman was our Brigade Surgeon, and he doubtless is the man you are looking for.

Bozeman was surgeon once, but was promoted to brigade surgeon. His assistant's name was Green. Dr. Bozeman was raised a neighbor to me in this county, but at this time

lives at Ninety-six, Abbeville Co., S. C. I myself was in that fight and belonged to the Legion, and remember to have seen the Dr. on the field that day.

If you will write to him I guess he can tell you all about it. We captured a man that day by the name of Ben Smith, that had deserted the Confederate army. Did you know him? He belonged to the cavalry. He was condemned to be shot, but got out by playing crazy. I was personally acquainted with Smith; he was no good. Hampton Legion captured 8 or 9 pieces of artillery and one hundred horses at Darby-town that day.

Yours truly,

W. T. DEAN.

Herndon, Burke Co., Ga., March 24th, 1888.

ENOCH STAHLER,

2116 Third Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIR: I see an advertisement in the Atlanta Constitution in reference to finding the Confed. surgeon who amputated your limb, and having been an old Reb. myself and having the utmost confidence in representations of a brother soldier on either side, who had the courage to face the music; I write you for inquiry, concerning the enclosed letter.

I am anxious to negotiate a good big loan on property located here for business purposes, and would not like to be taken in by a sucker on the fly; therefore I enclose his letter, to you, and beg a quiet investigation and report before I proceed in the matter, and should it ever be in my power to aid you in any manner will be only too happy to do so. I enclose postage.

Very truly,

CARLTON T. BELT,

Beltwood, Burke Co., Ga.

Sumter, S. C., Mch. 26, 1888.

CAPT. ENOCH STAHLER,

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIR: Inclosed find article from News and Courier, containing your letter making inquiry for surgeons (of Hamp-

ton Legion) who operated upon your arm Oct. 7th after the engagement upon Darby-town Road.

I think Dr. Jno. J. Bozeman of Ninety-six Abbeville S. C., performed the operation. I was with the command from its organization in 1861 but am under the impression that I was serving with the 7th S. C. Cav'y at the time of the engagement referred to, but might have assisted Dr. Bozeman; if I did the operation has entirely escaped my memory and I would esteem it a favor if you would send me your photograph, also of your arm. Dr. Bozeman is a most excellent gentleman and if I am correct in my opinion, I would like very much to see him enjoy the distinction his operation entitles him to.

He, like a great many of us, was actuated from true and patriotic principles (in the late war and unpleasantness); we conceived that our cause was a just one—we put our all upon the altar—we lost, and now by the exercise of true courage we submit and hope that by united effort we will out of chaos and ruin, establish our south upon a broader and more lasting basis than ever before.

We have a delightful climate, fertile soil, warm hearts and offer to our friends up in the frozen regions of the blizzard stricken section a home with us.

We want live energetic white men to come among us—to settle up our lands.

Say to your friends that we will give them as warm a reception as we gave them upon occasion of Darby-town engagement, but of a different character.

Yours very respectfully,

H. J. McLAURIN, M. D.

70 Hasell St., Charleston, S. C., April 2d, 1888.

MR. E. STAHLER,

Minneapolis, Minn.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of Mch. 29 is just received. Dr. J. S. Buist to whom some one sent your notice in an Atlanta paper brought it to me some days since. It was subsequently published in the Charleston daily paper, News and Courier.

Dr. Buist was not with Hampton Legion at that time, nor was I, having been promoted.

I gave the Dr. the names of the surgeons who I thought must have been present and I at once wrote to them myself.

Dr. H. L. McLaurin, Sumter, S. C., answered that he was not present, but thought that Dr. J. J. Bozeman, Ninety-six, S. C., and Dr. Green (the latter is, I think, dead) must have performed the operation.

Since then I have received a letter from Dr. J. J. Bozeman, to whom I had also written, who remembers the fight and had operated on several union soldiers at the time but could not remember the circumstances or names of the parties except that his field hospital was on the right hand side of the Darbytown Road, four miles from Richmond.

I at once wrote to him suggesting as I had done in the first instance that he should write to you. I have no doubt that he has already done so and if you have not received a letter from him by this time, you had best write to him, and I am sure he will respond promptly.

There is another clue in my mind, that is if Dr. Bozeman did not do the operation there is another surgeon whose name I do not know, who may have done it.

I will seek out his name and give it to you if you will answer this after hearing from Dr. Bozeman.

I am glad to hear of your recovery and appreciate the grateful feelings you entertain for the surgeon who performed so successful an operation.

I may add that Dr. Buist brought me your photograph and letter to him this morning, and should you come to Charleston, would be glad if you would call at my office, 70 Hasell St., Charleston, S. C.

Very respectfully yours,

FRANCIS L. PARKER, M. D.

Charleston, S. C., June 22, 1888.

MR. E. STAHLER,

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIR: I was in the battles around Richmond, but not

associated with the Hampton Legion; I was surgeon of 1st S. C. V., Gregg's Brigade, I do not think therefore that I could have performed the operation on your elbow.

Your letter here has excited a good deal of interest in your case and discussion as to who the surgeon was.

In time of battle there was liable to be transfer of service and in that way it may have happened that an officer detailed from some other command than the H. L. served you.

Please excuse the long delay in answering your letter.

Yours truly,

F. L. FROST, M. D.

President of the Ashley Phosphate Company.

Columbia, S. C., April 5, 1888.

CAPT. E. STAHLER,

DEAR SIR: I saw your notice in several of our papers and received your letter of March 29th, 1888. I have been expecting the surgeon who operated on you to make known his name. I will state that I was the surgeon of the Hampton Legion from June 1861 to Dec. 1863; I was then transferred to the 2nd S. C. Cavalry, which was formerly a portion of the Legion.

When you were wounded, I was chief surgeon of Div. (Hampton's) and was not connected with Gen'l. Gary's Brigade which consisted of the Hampton Legion, 24th Va. and 7th S. C. Cavalry.

The surgeons of the Hampton Legion at that time were Dr. Bozeman and Green; of the 7th S. C. C., Drs. McLaurin and Frank Frost; the surgeon of the 24th Va. I do not know.

Col. A. C. Hashell, now Judge H., was in command of Gary's Brigade that day. He says it was on the 7th of Oct. and not on the 6th.

General Lee had determined to make a general advance on our left flank and orders had been issued; during the night two men deserted and informed the union army of our intention, and on advancing the next morning Hashell with a squadron charged the surprised picket post and struck Genl.

Kautz's Div. He claims that the division was made to yield and was pursued some miles.

He himself with a man in returning toward our lines encountered Genl. Kautz with a body guard of 75 men and charged the column, wounding one man in the arm and another in the neck. He was shot in the head and left for dead on the field.

Genl. Kautz caused his surgeon to examine him and place a jacket under his head. The soldier with him, strange to say, charged down the whole length of the column between the two files and was captured uninjured.

Genl. Bratton's S. C. Brigade had the infantry brought up to support Gary's command. Hashell and Kautz have communicated with each other and I believe have talked it over.

Our State Medical Association meets here April 11th and we would be pleased to have you come on and assist in the search for the important person.

Col. Hashell wishes to talk it over with you. I will write to the surgeons and see what can be learned.

Hoping to see you with us and promising you a jolly time,
I remain,

Yours etc.,

B. W. TAYLOR.

ENOCH STAHLER.

MILLER AND SOLDIER.

Enoch Stahler! Men of your kind,
 Who fight for their country and do their duty,
 With never another thought in mind
 But to face all odds in a cause so glorious,
 Leave all craven falterers far behind!
 Whatever happens, they are victorious,
 And their lives have a wondrous undying beauty!

Enoch Stahler! You need not pine
 If venal tongues do not sing your praises,
 If no laurel crowns round your brow entwine,—
 For what need you care for reputation
 Bought by dollars that rattle and shine
 When you are part of that mighty Nation
 Whose name moves the world and whose splendor dazes?

Enoch Stahler! Man among men,
 That starry banner we call "Old Glory"
 Is purer for this—that never a stain
 Was placed upon it by vile dishonor—
 That such men as you again and again
 Fought for our Land, and shed luster on her,
 And share for ever her deathless story!

Rochester, April 24th.

—D. F. H. In *Rochester Post-Express*.

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